

BEES

TO DISPOSE OF NEW SWARMS.

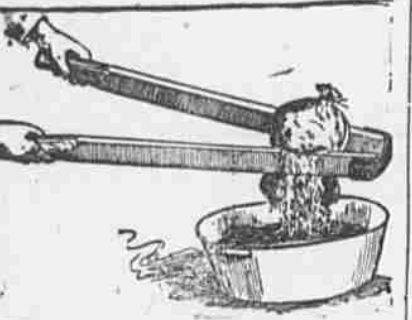
A Good Means of Controlling Unstable Increase.

The plan is one that allows the first swarm to issue, which swarm is finally reunited with the parent colony in such a way that there will be no further swarming, the two forces working together uniting as one colony to produce a crop of honey, says Gleanings in Bee Culture. The plan is, in brief, as follows:

When the swarms come forth it is hived on frames of foundation. The hive containing it is then placed on top of the parent colony, but with the entrance in the opposite direction. On the evening of the fourth day the newly hived swarm with its partly drawn comb is lifted off and set to one side temporarily. The parent colony is now opened up, the combs are all removed, and a new two or three feet from the old hive-entrance. After they are clear of bees they are inspected carefully, and any queen-cells found are destroyed, after which the combs are put back in the old hive. The newly drawn combs of the swarm in the hive set aside temporarily are next shaken right over the first lot of bees. The queen is hunted up, when she is started for the entrance of the old hive. The bees of the two shakings mingle together, finally crawl into the parent hive, and begin housekeeping anew as if nothing had happened. Perforated zinc is then put over the hive, when the partly drawn comb of the swarm is placed on top in a super. If extracted honey is not the object, a comb-honey super is put on instead.

The philosophy of the plan is that the natural bent of the bees to swarm is satisfied. The honey in their honey-sacs has been converted into wax and built out into combs. Cells of the parent colony have disappeared. The old queen goes to work as if nothing had happened.

A Simple Wax-Press.
There is a little kink in practice in rendering old and black combs, says a writer in the American Bee Journal. I used the Swiss extractor; and after all the wax had run out possible from the extractor the refuse was dumped, steaming hot, into a burlap sack, the sack being tied up close to the slumgum. The bag was then held by one person, and another applied the pressure. While under



pressure, just about as much wax was squeezed out as came from the extractor, and the pressure was obtained very cheaply. Two sticks were nailed together at one end by a leather hinge, the other end used as handles, when a mighty pressure could be brought to bear on the hot refuse. The one who held the sack kept twisting, and the squeeze kept squeezing, so to speak.

Smoking the Bees.
In handling bees as the smoker to send them to the honey cells and let them have a few moments to eat before opening out the hive, and then go quickly but carefully and thoroughly to work, closing up the hive properly, as soon as done. It may be necessary to open a hive frequently, but unless this is imperative it is best to let recently opened hives alone for a time at any rate. Always work from the back as this does not excite the bees coming in from the fields as does working from the front or side and partly for this reason, and because it is always better to pass behind a hive than to pass in front, the path about the apiary should be in the rear of the hives. It upsets bees to move them and makes them more or less spiteful and inclined to sting, until they become accustomed to their new surroundings and regain their normal temper. Bees that have been recently moved, therefore, let alone until fully settled.

The Plants For Honey.
The plants that serve as forage for honey bees are: For March, the willows, soft maple, elm, alder and dog-tooth violets. For April, the above and the June berry, crimson clover, dandelion, gooseberry, currant, apple, pear, peach, cherry, plum and rhododendron, though some years they may not bloom until May, much depending upon the section and climate. During May those mentioned will be reinforced by the holly, tulip tree, raspberry, persimmon, grape vine, blackberry, alskale, clover, strawberry and white clover. Along in the summer, beginning the latter part of May and the first part of June, the magnolia, cow pea, cat-alpa, daisy, alfalfa, milk weed, cucumber, melon, sweet clover, corn, buckwheat and numerous flowers keep up the supply until late in the season.

Fit His Case Exactly.
"When father was sick about six years ago he read an advertisement of Chamberlain's Tablets in the papers that fit his case exactly," writes Miss Margaret Campbell of Ft. Smith, Ark. "He purchased a box of them and he has not been sick since. My sister had stomach trouble and was also benefited by them." For sale by all dealers.—Adv.

The more friends a woman has the more she has to talk about.

Patronize Dispatch advertisers

The Blue Kid Slippers

Constance looked longingly out of the window. It was such a beautiful day. The sky was deliciously blue and the air balmy with the promise of spring.

To be sure, the ground was very muddy, and clear little rills of snow water merrily chased each other by the roadside; but one quite forgot to look down in the delight of looking up—that is, most people did,—but may be Constance and Nora Harrigan could not be classed as people. It had been such a temptation for Constance to dobbie her toes in the water, and then to put her shoes in a bit farther, until in a moment of recklessness she had followed Nora right in, splashing delightedly to and fro.

It was fun for a while, then her feet became very cold, and creepy shivers began to chase each other up and down her back.

That night a harsh, metallic cough sounded the alarm from Constance's bedroom, bringing her mother quickly to her side. "Croup," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, as she hurriedly set about relieving the sufferer.

It was the severest attack that Constance had ever had. She was obliged to take several kinds of disagreeable medicine, and, what she disliked most of all, a great spoonful of goose oil. Ugh! how she hated it. It was rubbed upon her chest, which was worse yet. It made her all smelly and goosey, she declared disgustedly. Her father laughed, and assured her that, if she hadn't been, she need not have been sick at all; and, while she was wondering what he meant, she fell fast asleep.

Next morning Brother Tom was sent to the shoemaker's with her every-day shoes to have them made water-tight. It was a tedious day for the little prisoner, and she watched eagerly for three o'clock to come when the shoes should be mended. The cobbler's shop was within sight of the parlor windows, and her mother had promised that she might go for them herself. It was such a little walk and the air so delightful that Mrs. Blake felt sure it could do her patient no harm.

The clock had scarcely finished striking when Constance was out of the house and down the steps. The little old man who kept the shop was very deaf, but she made him understand what pair was hers at last; and, with them under her arm, she started briskly home. It would have been such fun to have taken Rose Ella out in her new go-cart, if only she had not got her feet wet and had croup.

Constance sighed. After all, there was a compensation, and, remembering it, she quickened her steps. Rose Ella sat in one of the hall chairs, dressed in her best blue silk gown. Constance nodded to her brightly as she passed.

Now, although Rose Ella had almost everything that the most exacting doll could wish, her small mistress had longed for a pair of slippers which could be taken off and put on at will. Even Santa Claus had failed to fill this keenly felt want.

Constance removed her hat and jacket, hunted out her own little scissors and thimble, and, drawing a piece of blue kid from her pocket, began to make tiny patterns and to turn them thoughtfully about so that they would fit to advantage upon the small piece of leather.

"What are you trying to make, Constance?" inquired her mother. "Oh, I am going to make Rose Ella a pair of slippers," responded Constance, happily. "She had needed them for ever and ever so long. It's a great wonder she hasn't had croup, too."

"What a pretty piece of material! Where did you get it, dear?" asked Mrs. Blake, taking the soft blue kid into her hands and admiring it.

Constance hung her head. Perhaps it had not been quite right, after all.

"It was on the floor, mamma," she replied, "and I thought it would be swept out so I picked it up."

"Do you mean to say that you took it from Mr. Burton's shop when you went for your shoes?" questioned Mrs. Blake.

Constance made no reply.

"Tell me about it, daughter," insisted her mother gravely.

"I didn't mean to do anything wrong," she explained, with a quiver in her voice. "The kid lay among the scraps, and I asked Mr. Burton for it several times. I couldn't make him hear, so I—I just picked it up. It would have been swept out with the rubbish truly it would, mamma."

"Did he see you pick it up, girl?" Again Constance hung her head.

Mrs. Blake laid aside her work, and drew the little girl to her side. They had a long, serious talk that no one heard, not even Rose Ella.

"You must take it back, Constance," her mother said firmly at last, "and explain to Mr. Burton that you took what did not belong to you, that you are sorry, and are bringing his property back."

Constance wept softly.

"He is so deaf, mamma, that I'll have to shout so that everybody will hear me," she sobbed.

"Yes, that will be hard I know, but it couldn't possibly excuse you from going right," her mother answered gently. "You may have until to-mor-

row at three o'clock, but by that time the blue kid must be where it belongs."

It was a very miserable little girl who looked from the windows the remainder of the afternoon. She had permission to go immediately, but she delayed. Next morning the task was harder yet. Again the clock pointed to a quarter of three, as Constance anxiously watched it.

"I wish that I had gone yesterday," she burst forth at last.

"An unpleasant duty never is easier for waiting," her mother returned quietly.

Constance turned away. It was ten minutes of three. She could delay no longer. To-day she went slowly across the little square, and resolutely entered the cobbler's shop. For a moment her courage failed her. Instead of a deaf old man, who she had almost had hoped would not hear her, after all, his pretty daughter Alice stood behind the counter.

Alice and Constance had been good friends for a long time, and it was a humiliating experience to have to tell the big girl the story of the piece of kid. Again she wished that she had come before.

With tear-filled eyes Constance advanced and bravely told the whole story, not sparing herself, even acknowledging that she had picked it up while Mr. Burton was wrapping up her shoes.

Alice Burton took the three-cornered clipping with a simple "Thank you, Connie," and Constance ran quickly home to bury her head in her mother's lap and to weep bitterly.

It was only three days later, Constance's croup was entirely over, and Rose Ella and she were having a tea-party, with real cake, on the glass-covered porch, when Alice Burton came up the walk. She carried a small package, which she handed to Constance.

"It's for you, Connie," she said, stooping to kiss her little friend. "No, I cannot come in, but you may tell me another time how you like them. Good-bye."

On the package was written, "For the little girl who dared to do right, although right was not easy to do."

When the small box was opened, there lay the dearest, cunningest little pair of blue kid slippers! They were just Rose Ella's own size, and made by a really, truly shoemaker. They had the daintiest little heels and tiny rosettes of blue ribbon.

"What beauties!" exclaimed Mrs. Blake, "and I do believe that they are made out of that very piece of kid."

Constance laughed gleefully, as she drew them on to Rose Ella's chubby feet.

"It is nicer after doing right than when you are doing it, isn't it, mamma?" she asked.

"Yes, dearie," her mother answered, as she smoothed her little daughter's curls. "It nearly always is so."

"Whenever it is hard to do right," Constance said soberly, "I am going to think of the blue kid slippers."—Emma Gary Wallace.

Needed A Key.
The Twice-a-month Popular Magazine tells this:

"I'll bet you a dinner for ten people," said Representative Frank Clark, of Florida, one day last spring, "that the worst penman in Congress is Sparkman, of my State."

"I'll take that bet," replied Hardwick, of Georgia. "The man who writes the worst hand in the world is Adamson, of my delegation."

Sparkman is chairman of the committee on rivers and harbors, and Adamson is the head of the committee on interstate and foreign commerce. The two congressmen who had made the bet selected a committee to pass on the handwriting in question, and then secured letters written by Sparkman and Adamson in their own penmanship. Those letters were something horrible to see, and the judges decided that the writing of both was so bad that the writers, not the men who had made the bet, must pay for the dinner.

While the banquet was in progress, Adamson told this story:

"Last winter a constituent of mine wrote to me, and asked for a specimen of my handwriting, explaining that he had heard it was the worst in the world, and that he was making a study of bad penmanship. I complied with the request. In a few days he returned my letter to me, with this note:

"Fine! Am enthusiastic. Didn't know such handwriting was possible. Please send me a typewritten copy of the enclosed. I need a key to it!"

It was a former Archbishop of York—Dr. Thomson—who appeared once in the role of coachman. He had attended an evening party and on leaving the house discovered that his coachman was drunk. There appeared nothing for it but to drive home himself, and the archbishop, after placing the smiling but unconscious coachman inside the carriage, mounted the box and took the reins. The monotony of the homeward journey was broken by a wheel of the carriage coming into violent collision with a stone just outside the entrance to Bishopsthorpe. The lodgekeeper, unable to recognize the approaching figure in the darkness called out cheerily: "Hallo Bill, drunk again!"

and bluffed if you ain't got the old cock's hat on!" "It's the old cock himself," gravely responded his grace.

If it's a child a woman hates to make a fool of it and if it's a man she hates not to.

Guarding Against Croup.

The best safeguard against croup is a bottle of Foley's Honey and Tar Compound in the house. P. H. Ginn, Middleton, Ga., writes: "My children are very susceptible to croup, easily catch cold. I give them Foley's Honey and Tar Compound and in every instance they get prompt relief and are soon cured. We keep it at home and prevent croup." F. A. Morris—Adv.

Be a Sport.
Don't do your Christmas shopping now. Why hurry to begin it? Why put it off and put it off? Until the last dinged minute. —Houston Post.

A word to the wife is sufficient to start something.

THE PLAGUE.

Danger From Infection of Ground Squirrels in California.

A few months ago Dean Ward, of the University of Nebraska, discovered while visiting California that the bubonic plague really menaces the United States, although the splendid work done by the government scientists caused him to hope that no further spread of the disease would be noted. Now some facts which came to his knowledge on that visit have reached the Eastern press in spite of the efforts made in San Francisco to conceal the real situation. "One serious aspect of the case has developed in the last two years," says Collier's, in the course of an alarming editorial on the subject. "Plague has been discovered in the ground squirrels about the bay. Now every effort is being made in the infected district to conceal the facts. This is folly, filled with peril. Mistaken business calculations lead Oakland, which should be one of the most active cities to combat plague, to refuse appropriations for that purpose. The danger is one which can be controlled if it is recognized. The serious menace is caused by the shortsighted notion that a business advantage is to be gained by concealment. If the infected districts will not do their work properly, soon or later the whole United States may pay, and pay a price too terrible to consider. Lies will not help. Only sound and thorough sanitary measures may save the land. California can check the danger now. If she fails she may later be quarantined by her sister States."—Nebraska State Journal.

"Vth Avenue."

As soon as the Nassau street tailor moved up to Fifth avenue he, of course, sent out new cards. Their appearance caused some surprised comment among his friends.

"That looks funny," said one man. "Vth Avenue. Isn't that a new wrinkle?"

"Not exactly," said the tailor. "Roman numerals are getting to be rather popular in writing the names of streets. Fifth avenue business men are particularly partial to them. On cards and in newspaper and street-car advertising you may frequently see the address of some tailor, haberdasher, or other tradesman written Vth avenue. So far the other avenues have not adopted the style to any great extent, but the time may come when the business houses on all Vth, VIth, and IXth avenues.

Girls, it isn't always wise to follow your mother's example when you fall in love.

HAPPY WOMEN

Plenty of Them in Canfield, and Good Reason For It.

Wouldn't any woman be happy, After years of backache suffering, Days of misery, nights of unrest, The distress of urinary troubles, Many readers will profit by the following.

Mrs. John Forsyth, 1121 Emma St., Youngstown, Ohio, says: "I suffered a great deal from a weak back. I had a constant pain across my kidneys, which was more severe at night when I lay down. I couldn't rest and got up in the morning feeling tired and blue. My head ached a great deal and I felt bad all over. One of the family had used Doan's Kidney Pills and had such good results that I decided to try them. They relieved me from the first. The pains in my back gradually left and I felt better in every way. The statement I gave two years ago, regarding Doan's Kidney Pills, holds good."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Forsyth had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N.Y.—Adv.

LITTLE THINGS WORTH KNOWING

In three years our cigarette consumption has tripled.

The habit of cutting the eyelashes weakens the eyes.

The third-class railway fares of India are less than a farthing a mile.

In the British museum there is to be seen the first envelope ever made.

In a year your Uncle Sam smoked just 7,707,000,000 cigars and fourteen billion cigarettes.

There are more jewels in the city of New York alone than in any other city of the world.

The memory is perceptibly impaired by too much food, too much exercise and too much education.

It is computed that more bartenders are required in this country than workers on clothing and shoes.

Pennsylvania's coal production is almost as great as that of the other twenty-seven producing states.

The total amount of money reposing on the oceans bottoms in the shape of submarine cables is \$250,000,000.

Soul Stuff.
"And now the ladies are to wear gowns to fit the soul!"

"It is a good thing the men are not to wear a garb to fit their souls."

"Now, I wonder why you—"

"Anything to fit your soul would not be bigger than a beauty patch." —Houston Post.

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a most deadly poison, "commonly called drops," into your eyes when they are examined—is absolutely unnecessary, and very dangerous. You should never consent to having it done. Likewise, the wearing of tinted or colored lenses. In twenty-three years daily examining eyes, and in the examination of over one hundred thousand eyes, I have never found it necessary to use Atropine, or prescribe colored lenses. If you are a thinker consider this, then come in and ask questions, and give me the opportunity of proving my statements.

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Is designed to prevent as well as to relieve disease, whether caused by cold weather, overwork or worry. Vaccination prevents smallpox; inoculation with antitoxin prevents diphtheria. Rexall Olive Oil Emulsion strengthens the body to resist the growth of disease germs in the blood, and thus fortifies the system and puts it into a proper healthy condition to resist disease.

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